

# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

## AND

### LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM TO IMPROVE THE HEART,  
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 18.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 14, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

#### Miscellaneous Selections.

##### THE STAGE COACH.

A FRAGMENT.

I WENT into the house and enquired whether the coach had gone by; and I had scarcely asked the question before it stopped at the door. The passengers alighted, were shewn into a room, and ordered breakfast. One place, and one only, was vacant; which having taken, I joined the company, and breakfasted along with them; after which we stowed ourselves in the coach as conveniently as we could.

Being off the stones, and fairly upon the road,—“And so, Mrs. Pilch,” says Mr. Dowlafs, a linen-draper in Chesapeake, “you are going to London, you say; but what makes you bring them there children along with you?—they are werry expensive upon the road, and werry inconvenient, too!”

“Oh! Sir,” replied the poor woman, “I am obliged to take them with me, and the more is the pity; and, what is still worse, I am afraid that I must soon part with them for ever!”

The poor creature wept, which, being observed by the children, after saying—“why do you cry, Mammy?”—they burst into tears likewise.

“No---no---my dear babes!” continued she, “I’ll not lose you if I can help it. Your poor daddy charged me to bring you back, if the Governors would but allow me half the salary; and I don’t think I can leave you, if they won’t give me a shilling!”

“Oh;” said Mr. Dowlafs, “now you mention Governors, I suppose these children are some nurselings, belonging to the Foundling Hospital!”

“Yes sir,” replied the good woman, “they are indeed, and now they are called in!—But it almost breaks my heart to think of parting with them, for I love them as well as any of my own!”

Mr. Jones, a gentleman who sat opposite, and who seemed absorbed in thought, put out his hand, and dropped

ten or a dozen shillings into the nurse’s lap, which he had forgotten to put into his pocket when he took change at the inn.

“How now, Sir!” said Dowlafs:—“you’ve made a mistake, I believe,—why you’ve given the woman a handful of silver!”

“I thought that they had been half-pence,” said Jones; “but ’tis all one: she deserves them.---Who says that an English matron may not vie with the boasted one of Rome?”

Miss Polly Pertly observed,---“That she thought it extremely odd that people could be so fond of dirty brats that did not belong to them; that for her part, she could not help thinking but that those who countenanced them were no better than they should be; and that she should not be sorry if the Foundling Hospital was all in a blaze, for that it was only an encouragement to prostitution.”

Miss Pertly was, what the world in civility commonly call, an OLD MAID: she was, at least, five-and-forty years of age, and possessed of all the very virtuous notions of unmarried ladies at that period of life.

The nurse’s feelings, however, were of another nature.---“Ah! Madam” cried she, “you, perhaps, never had any children of your own: you do not know what it is to suckle a child!—These poor babes have neither father nor mother to protect them; and were it not for the Hospital, and the affection of me and my poor husband, they would want even a morsel of bread!”

Miss Pertly replied---“That they might have both fathers and mothers, for what any body knew to the contrary.”

“Very true, Madam,” said the nurse; “and, if they be living, God will judge them for abandoning these little helpless infants!”

Miss Pertly replied---

“Say, little foolish flutt’ring thing,

“Little foolish flutt’ring thing!”

“Do you mean to apply that to yourself, Madam?” said Mr. Jones.

“Oh! no Sir!” answered Probe, a young Surgeon, who was going to walk the hospitals:---“that is a song in *The Padlock*; and I should be glad if the lady would favor us with it!”

Mr. Jones sighed;---the lady sung the song;---Probe made her many pretty compliments;---Dowlafs was polite, also, in his way; but observed, that he never spent a shilling on a play in his life, and he was determined he never would;---and Jones, after a short pause, giving a hearty groan, seated one of the children on his knee, and the other between his legs; and then fell back in the coach, as if he was desirous of abstracting himself from all the rest of the company.

A broken, mixed, and disjointed conversation, with frequent intervals of silence and sleep (which is generally the case among passengers in these public vehicles), filled up the most of our time. Miss Pertly indeed prated apace; but every now and then she and Probe maintained a dumb dialogue, if I may be allowed the term, with wonderful spirit. She ogled---he leered; she nodded---he smacked the palm of his hand, and blew the precious kiss towards her. Pretending that his leg was cramped, he wedged his knee between her’s; and now and then by way of amusement, they played at *pit-a-pat* with their hands, first upon his knee, and then upon her’s.

When we arrived at the inn where the passengers usually dine, Miss Pertly ordered a fricassée of rabbits to be added to the bill of fare, because, forsooth, she was not accustomed to dine on roast beef & plumb pudding alone. The cook was very expeditious; the dinner was served up; and, taking her proper place at the head of the table, the Lady observed, that she was very glad the nurse and the two foundlings dined in the kitchen; adding that she could not conceive why stage coaches were stuffed with such trumpery. Mr. Jones gave her a look of contempt; but Probe made her happy with a sweet smile of approbation; while Dowlafs was busy in tucking a napkin into the upper button-hole of his coat.

The major part of the company would have been content to drink good table beer, and a bottle or two of Port; but Mr. Probe insisted that Miss Pertly should declare whether she chose Madeira or Champagne. The prudent Dowlafs immediately renounced being concerned in either; and Mr. Jones, after observing



that a sensible man might spend what money he had to spare to greater advantage, ate up his dinner, and withdrew into the kitchen, to see that the children had their bellies full. However, the Champagne was called for, and the landlord produced an excellent bottle of Straffordshire perry, which they declared to be the *thing*—the only nectar for people of the true *bon ton*.

After the table was cleared, Mr. Dowlafs, who had advanced towards the fire with an intention to light his pipe, observing a map of London hanging over the chimney-piece, and, addressing himself to me, said—

"I suppose, Sir, you are very well acquainted with London!"

I answered, that I had never seen London in my life.

"What!" cried he, amazed:—"Step here, then, and I'll shew you London in a minute. You shall know it.--- See, here, Sir,---this is a map of the whole city---There, there, that is St. Paul's Church---that is the bookfeller's at one corner of the Churchyard---and that is the trunkmaker's at the other.---Now, this is Cheapside, look ye;---that is Bow Church---why, I was born within the sound of Bow bell---and there---just there---(you see that little nook) that is my shop, where I shall be very glad to see you when you come to town!"

I thanked my communicative fellow-traveller, and promised to wait upon him. He took a printed card out of his pocket, lest I should forget his name and place of abode; and said, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he would serve me as reasonably as any man in the kingdom.

And now, being all ready, we bundled into the coach again. Dowlafs, for some time, talked largely of his extensive dealings; of his stock in the funds; and of his importance as a citizen. He said, that he had had the honor of representing Cheap Ward in Common-council for ten years *successfully*: but he was silenced, at length, by Miss Pertly, who gave us a very copious account of the amusements of the Opera House, Ranelagh, and the Theatres Royal, with which young Probe seemed quite charmed. Nobody else could speak a word, for her tongue ran incessantly;---now singing---now babbling a parcel of incoherent sentences---and now, again, warbling the scraps of a few songs. All this, which Probe looked upon as vivacity, I believe, Mr. Jones considered as impertinence; for taking some gingerbread nuts out of his pocket, he divided them equally between the two children, and desired them to let him hear if they could not sing as pretty a song as the Lady; whereupon one of them gave us the old ballad of "Three Children sliding on the

ice;" and the other sung "Oh! the days when I was Young."

Whether Miss Pertly was offended at the artless strains of the two foundlings, or whether she thought us too low and vulgar for her to associate with, I know not; but being arrived at the end of the stage, she and the young Surgeon went into a private room, and supped by themselves. No one was mortified at this, as her room was much more agreeable than her company.---The evening passed away pleasantly enough.

FROM THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

#### SORROWS OF WERTER.

WE have for some time been in possession of a fact, which may not be uninteresting to the readers of Novels.

The Novel under the title of "THE SORROWS OF WERTER," has generally been supposed to be a fiction; but it is a real history of facts that did take place. A gentleman from abroad, has related to us, that he was well acquainted with Lieut. Immelhausen, of his Britannic Majesty's 60th Regiment of foot, who is a full cousin to Charlotte. Lieut. Immelhausen informed him, that the events, as related in "The Sorrows of Werter," were strictly true, except that Charlotte was not so handsome as she has been there represented---and that she is still living---while Werter moulders in the dust.

The above may be relied on. The gentleman who related it, is of undoubted veracity; and several German officers of his acquaintance, in the British service, also assured him of its being strictly true, they having known the parties.

#### A GERMAN PROVERB.

I DINED the other day with a friend, at a house, the master and mistress of which are amiable, affable, pleasing companions, and of some political consequence.

My friend was particularly distinguished by them during our visit. He was the subject of their praises, and they made the most positive promises of their interest in his favor.

My friend is not without ambition. On our leaving the house, I congratulated him upon the friendship which I heard expressed for him; and anticipated the most happy consequences to his future interests.

You think then, said he, that this family entertain a friendship for me. How little are you as yet acquainted with the world! Did you not observe that, when I asked in the hall for my great coat the servant turned a deaf ear, let me look for it without saying a word; and that it was not until

after a quarter of an hour I was able to find it, all covered with dust behind a chest, where he could not but know it was, for I gave it to him on my entrance?

And what do you infer from that?

What do I infer from that! Always remember this German Proverb:--- Would you know whether you are beloved in a family---never mind the behavior of the master or mistress, but observe how the children and servants treat you, and you will know the truth.

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

DR. YOUNG, was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-side the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute? "for the same reason (said he) that I took it out---to please myself." "The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the tears of the ladies pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river.

During the evening, however he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met, but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse pistol. "What," said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?" "No," replied the doctor, "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise, you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it." The officer acknowledged his error, and the affair terminated in a lasting friendship.



SELECTED  
FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

—O—  
DETRACTION.

A VISION.

SUPERIOR excellence is the general mark of calumny; and envy is naturally led to asperse what it cannot imitate. A little mind is scandalized at the pre-eminence of its neighbour, and endeavours to depreciate his virtues. Thus the distempered eye, impatient of prevailing brightness, by attempting to discover spots in the lucid object, insensibly betrays its own weakness.—But as this is a topic that hath been defecated upon by a variety of pens, I shall endeavour to enliven it with the air of novelty, by throwing my further sentiments on this subject into the form of a vision.

Methought I found myself on a sudden in a very extensive region, which was subject to the jurisdiction of a fury, named Detraction. The fields around looked wild and uncultivated; the tops of the hills were covered with snow, and the whole country seemed to mourn the inclement severity of one eternal winter. Instead of the grateful verdure of a kindly herbage, there sprang up to fight the hemlock, aconite, and other baneful plants. The woods were inhabited by beasts of prey; while on melancholy boughs sat perched the birds of night, brooding in doleful silence.

In the middle of the plain was a bleak mountain, where I descried a groupe of figures, which I presently made up to. On the summit, the fury of the place presented herself to view; there was a peculiar deformity attending her person. Her eyes were galled and red, her visage swollen and terrible, and from her mouth proceeded a two-edged sword. A blasted oak was the throne on which she sat; her food was the teeth of vipers, and her drink was gall and vinegar. At a little distance from her, I observed Ignorance talking loud in his own praise; Pride strutting on his tip-toe; Conceit practising at a mirror, and Envy like a vulture preying on herself.—The multitude, that paid their adoration to the fury, was a composition of all nations and professions, of different characters and capacities. There was the mechanic, the tradesman, the scholar; but the most zealous votaries consisted principally of old maids, peevish bachelors, discarded courtiers, and the like. Each strove to ingratiate himself with the fury, by sacrificing the best and most valuable of their friends; nor could proximity of blood move compassion or plead exemption from being the victim of her insatiable cruelty. Some addressed this infernal Moloch with the first fruits of their body; while others were chanting forth the extent of her power, and expatiating on the numbers of her conquests.

At this instant arose in my mind all the little sentiments of humanity I had hitherto cultivated; and I began to blame my criminal curiosity, that prompted me to ascend the mountain. But in a few minutes the scene was very agreeably reversed; for towards the southern boundaries I discovered the clouds parting, the sky purpling, and the sun breaking forth in all his glory; when immediately there appeared advancing towards me, Goodnature, in all her pomp and splendour, arrayed like a Sylvan nymph, blooming with unadorned graces. She was of a fair and ruddy complexion, which received additional beauty from the pleasing smiles that dwelt upon her countenance. On her right hand shone Goodsense, with a peculiar majesty, though somewhat of diffidence in her mien. She was the chief favourite with the goddess, and seemed to have the whole direction of her person. On her left was Generosity, carrying a

heart in her hand. The next that presented herself was Modesty, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her cheeks spread with roses. Then followed a long train of beauties, who, by the unaffected charms of their persons, and an engaging peculiarity of dress, made me desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with them. Upon a nearer approach, I found they were a band of the daughters of Columbia, who were always fond of appearing in the retinue of the goddess, from whose indulgent smiles they received an accessional lustre to their charms. I then turned my eyes to the monsters I have above described; the principal of whom grew pale, and presently fell in a swoon from her throne; Pride sunk into a shade; Envy fell prostrate and bit the ground; while Ignorance vanished like a morning cloud before the rising sun. As the goddess drew near, the whole collection of fiends disappeared. The basilisk skulked into the glade, the wild beast betook himself to his covert, and the oak on which the fury had been seated, budded forth afresh.—Where e'er the goddess walked, the flowers sprang up spontaneous at her feet; the tender roe was seen bounding o'er the mountains, and the little lambs sporting on the hills; instead of the briar and the thorn, there shot forth the myrtle, and every odoriferous shrub; the voice of the turtle was heard in the groves, and the dales resounded with the melodious harmony of the nightingale. In a word, the whole region confessed the benign influence of the deity, and appeared in all the blushing softness of the spring.

—♦♦♦—  
Diversity.

ANECDOTE OF TWO OFFICERS.

SOON after the conclusion of the French war, in queen Ann's time, a young pert officer, who had but lately entered the service, came to a tavern where Major Johnson, a brave, rough old officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually resorted. The young gentleman while at dinner, was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking in the gaiety of his humour against the dispensations of Providence. The Major, at first only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honor; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor, while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonor." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach; but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honor. "A man of honor!" says the Major, "thou art a blasphemer and an infidel, and I shall use thee as such."—In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrillity, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy insolence to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; which the Major refused to grant, until he asked pardon in a short extempore prayer, which the proselyte did to the great amusement of the company.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

WITH a heavy heart I behold the cheerful summer rapidly decline. No more I wander at the dawn of day, within the verdant vale, to listen to the feathered warblers, or admire the beauties of creation. Dark clouds obscure the glorious sun, whose dazzling rays were wont to cheer my heart, and chase away the morning dew. The chilling mists conceal the distant hills, and make all nature wear a gloomy aspect.

I sit within my cottage, beside the blazing hearth, and listen to the roaring wind, amongst the neighbouring groves. The lofty trees resign their withering leaves to the furious blast which drives them swiftly over the spacious plain.

The cold rain descends upon the ground, and the rustic swains forsake their daily toil. No more they dance upon the lawn, nor sing the pleasures of a rural life. Accustomed with the village maids to ramble to the shady bowers, and tell their artless tales of love, when smiling summer reigns; they view its departure with regret, and dread the near approach of winter.

The shepherds quit the joyless plains, and lead their flocks beneath some friendly hut, to shield them from the storm of the inclement season. At eve assembled round the cheerful fire, the superstitious tale beguiles the tedious hours, till spring returns to banish every gloomy thought, and fill each rustic's heart with happiness & love.

—♦♦♦—  
ACCIDENT SOMETIMES GIVES A JUST  
EXPRESSION OF NATURE.

PLINY says, the finest piece of Protogenes is the picture of Yalytus, still to be seen in the Temple of Peace at Rome. To preserve it from the injuries of time and the attacks of age, the painter composed it of four layers of colours; hoping, that if one or two should fly, their place would be supplied by those below. There is a charming picture of a Dog in that painting; both art and accident contributed to render it so perfect. The artist, after overcoming by his abilities every difficulty, and finishing all the parts of the little animal, was satisfied with his production, until he found one thing remained which he despaired of being able to execute well; the foam which gathers on a dog's mouth when breathing quick; for after various attempts he found that he could not catch the just degree of shade, and was still far wide of nature. At last he finished it, but in a manner which he thought unnatural. This vexed him exceedingly, as he was usually not satisfied with careless and general resemblances in a picture, but wished to see the accuracy of truth and nature. He often changed his pencils and effaced what he had produced; but all in vain! Enraged at length at the weakness and imperfection of his art, he dashed a sponge against the painting to destroy his work. It struck in such a direction as to produce that very arrangement of colours and shading which he had so fondly wished and attempted in vain.

[Savany's Greece.]

—♦♦♦—  
APHORISMS.

WE never expect fruit from a tree which has borne no flowers: neither can we hope for good actions in an old man, unless he has shewn a good disposition in youth.

Nothing is so timid as a bad conscience.

Of all workmen the poet is most fond of his work.

—♦♦♦—  
ON A LIBRARY,

Where the Books were in curious binding.

PHOTO, who values nothing that's within,  
Rates books like beavers—only for their skin!

For Marriages, Deaths, &c. see last page.





## Poetry.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

TO excite the benevolent emotions of humanity in the philanthropic breast, towards the indigent and necessitous, on the return of the inclement season when "Nature owns the wintry day," is far from being an unpleasant task—for this purpose permit me to request the insertion of the following poetic effusion in your literary Magazine;—for the notice of a former communication accept the thanks of

ELIZA.

## THE WINTRY DAY.

IS it in mansions rich and gay,  
On downy beds and couches warm,  
That Nature owns the Wintry Day,  
And shrinks to hear the blowing storm?

Ah! no!

'Tis on the bleak and barren heath,  
Where Mis'ry feels the shaft of death,  
As to the dark and freezing grave,  
Her children, not a friend to save,  
Unheeded go!

Is it in chambers, silken drest,  
At tables, with profusion's heap—  
Is it on pillows soft to rest,  
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?

Ah! no!

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure,  
Where Poverty's low son's endure,  
And, scarcely daring to repine,  
On a straw pallet mute recline,  
O'erwhelm'd with woe!

Is it to flaunt in warm attire;  
To laugh and feast, and dance and sing;  
To crowd around the blazing fire,  
And make the roofs with revels ring?

Ah! no!

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor;  
'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar;  
'Tis where the sea-boy, on the mast,  
Hears the waves bounding to the blast,  
And looks below!

Is it in chariots gay to ride;  
To crowd the splendid midnight ball;  
To revel in luxurious pride,  
While pamper'd vassals wait your call?

Ah! no!

'Tis in a cheerless, naked room,  
Where Mis'ry's victims wait their doom!  
Where a fond mother famish'd dies,  
While forth a frantic father flies,  
Man's desp'rate foe!

Is it, where prodigal and weak,  
The silly spendthrift scatters gold;  
Where eager Folly hastes to seek  
The fordid, wanton, false, and bold?

Ah! no!

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,  
Where forc'd all sorrows to endure,  
Pale Genius learns, oh lesson sad!  
To court the vain, and on the bad  
False praise bestow!

Is it where Gamesters thronging round,  
Their shining heaps of wealth display;  
Where Fashion's giddy tribes are found,  
Sporting their senseless hours away?

Ah! no!

'Tis where neglected Genius sighs;  
Where Hope, exhausted, silent dies;  
Where Merit starves, by Pride oppress'd,  
'Till ev'ry fire in that warm's the breast  
Forbears to flow!

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

THE reception with which my communication was favored in the last number of the Magazine has induced me to transcribe for insertion the following excellent resolve of one of my own sex. Should it meet your approbation, by giving it a place, you will oblige

PRUDENTIA.

A young Lady having over night promised another to lead a retired life with her, sent her the next morning the following

## VERSES.

ALL compliance apart,  
I examin'd my heart  
Last night, as I laid me to rest;  
And methinks I'm inclin'd  
To a change of my mind,  
For you know second thoughts are the best.

To retire from the crowd,  
For to make ourselves good,  
By avoiding ev'ry temptation,  
Is in truth to reveal,  
What we ought to conceal,  
That our passions want some regulation.

It will much abound  
To our praise to be found,  
In a world so prolific of evil,  
Unpolluted and pure,  
Though not so demure,  
As to wage open war with the devil.

So bidding farewell  
To all thoughts of a cell,  
I resolve on a militant life;  
And it brought to disrepute,  
Why then I'll confess,  
And do penance in shape of a wife.

## TO SENSIBILITY.

O SENSIBILITY! what charms are thine!  
Sweet smiling sadness, sorrow all divine!  
Rous'd to thy praise, no more I give the strain  
To flow prolific of imagin'd pain.  
Parent of Friendship! joy-dispensing power,  
By thee what blessings cheer the adverse hour!  
By thee the Spring does balmy sweets exhale,  
And songs of gladness swell the vernal gale!  
By thee the light-wing'd pleasures frolic round,  
While blooming flow'rets variegated the ground.  
In vain, without the joys which you afford,  
Might bounteous Autumn crown the loaded board  
And soft'ning even fatten Winter's reign,  
Thou giv'st the solace of our ev'ry pain!

## SONG.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

## RECITATIVE.

ORPHEUS was music master to the woods,  
Gave groves a gamut, put in tune the floods;  
He made tall trees a minuet step advance in,  
Taught he ges hornpipes, shrubberies country  
For ev'ry reptile he had songs and jigs, [dancing;  
And symphonies compos'd for guinea pigs.

## AIR.

For weazles and rats,  
He had both sharps and flats,  
For dogs barking largo and affetto;  
From the grinding of knives,  
And the scolding of wives,  
He compos'd a dismal duetto.

He made of frogs croaks,  
And the kawing of rooks,  
And cats caterwauling, Apégios:  
Found in D, that corks crow,  
Bulls found G, below,  
And sucking pigs squeak out Adagios.

## Installation.

Behold, I bring you glad tidings!

INSTALLED]—In Haverhill, on Wednesday, the 4th inst. the Rev. William Batchelder, to the pastoral care of the Baptist Church and Society in that place. The following was the order of performances: Introductory prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Beverly; Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by the Rev. Mr. Bolles, of Salem; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Peak, of this town.

## Hymeneal.

'Delightful state! to whom alone is given,  
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

MARRIED]—In Concord, (N. H.) Mr. Barnard Bricket, to Miss Betsey Virgin.—Mr. Phineas Eastman, of Salisbury, to Miss Judith Gale.

In Boston, the Rev. Thomas Paul, to Miss Catherine Waterhouse.

## Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!

DIED]—In Amherst, (N. H.) Widow Hannah Lovejoy, aged 101 years, 7 months, and 13 days. She had 11 children, 51 grand-children, 223 of the third generation, and 51 of the fourth generation. Total 336 descendants.

In Haverhill, Mr. Jonathan Moores, aged 41.

In this town, on Tuesday night, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Joanna Kettell, consort of Mr. James K. aged 59.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

WHILE we regret that our repeated solicitations of the favors of literary correspondents fail of obtaining many valuable original communications, with gratitude we acknowledge the repeated favors of ELIZA and PRUDENTIA, though not original.

HONORIA's lengthy selected communication shall be early attended to; and, although it has been observed that 'we never feel so much interested in selections, however excellent, as in what we know was addressed particularly to ourselves,' yet we believe this of Honoria's worthy the attention of the fair readers of our little publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE  
MERRIMACK MAGAZINE  
AND  
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET,

INFORM their Friends and the Public, that they are determined to continue this publication for one year or more, provided that increase of patronage is received which they anticipate when this determination is generally known. Under various disadvantages it has been prosecuted eighteen weeks, and it is believed to the general satisfaction of its present Patrons.

To this work the Publishers beg leave to solicit the patronage of every one who may wish an undertaking of the kind to succeed in this town, the Ladies and Gentlemen of which, in particular, are respectively invited to become its generous patrons.

## MAGAZINE-OFFICE,

No. 4, Middle-street, Dec. 14, 1805.

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